

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

Nazi Front Cracks Under Weight Of Allied Drives Across Reich; Truman Charts Liberal Course

Released by Western Newspaper Union.
 (EDITOR'S NOTE: When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of Western Newspaper Union's news analysis and not necessarily of this newspaper.)



Standing on balcony of their palace in Nordkirchen, Germany, Princess Valerie Marie Schleswig-Holstein and her husband, Prince Bernhard (right), greatly resent Yank Lt. William C. Gibson's order for them to vacate their 300-room residence. Area was overrun by U. S. 9th army.

EUROPE: Broken Front

"With the enemy breakthrough from the west and another from the east, and with wedges pointing from both directions toward Berlin, the organic structure of the German front has ceased to exist."

Thus spoke Nazi Radio Commentator Max Krull, summing up the Germans' plight as mighty Allied armies rolled upon Berlin from two sides, threatening to split the Reich in half at that point, and Lt. Gen. George S. Patton's forces already had cut the country in two for all practical purposes by driving to the Czechoslovak border in the area of Silesia.

With their western armies all but battered to pieces by General Eisenhower's U. S. and British drive eastward from the Rhine, the tottering Wehrmacht, of rag-tag remnants at many points, suffered still other heavy blows as the Russians opened up their all-out assault on Berlin, and also launched another major offensive to the south in an effort to link up with American forces smashing eastward in Saxony.

As the U. S. drives slowed up in the face of stiff last-ditch Nazi resistance along the Elbe river and the lengthening supply lines, the spotlight shifted to the eastern front, where the Russian steam-roller crunched forward in sharp fighting.

Though the Russians threw their full weight against the Germans before Berlin, the going remained hard through the strong and intricate defensive fortifications the Nazis had set up for such an assault. Moving behind massed artillery fire, the Russians were compelled to pick their way through a maze of pillboxes and bunkers, with their tanks encountering heavy armored opposition when breaking into open areas.

As the U. S. 9th army built up strength for a thrust eastward beyond the Elbe to Berlin, and the U. S. 1st and 3rd moved toward a junction with the Russians in Saxony below the German capital, the U. S. 7th edged on the Bavarian mountain fastnesses in the south where the Nazi hierarchy is expected to make a last death-stand, and British troops closed on the enemy's great North sea ports of Bremen and Hamburg.

V-E Day

So long as fanatical German resistance prevails in any sizable degree in the Reich, V-E Day may be formally delayed, supreme Allied headquarters announced, scotching hopes for a proclamation upon juncture of U. S., British and Russian forces.

With millions of Germans under arms and capable of offering stiff resistance along the North and Baltic sea coasts and the mountain fastnesses in the south even after the rupture of a continuous front, it is felt that any announcement of V-E Day while the enemy still was able to inflict heavy losses might lead to a weakening of soldier and civilian morale.

Nazi plans for a fanatical resistance along organized and guerrilla warfare lines have as their objective the dissolution of allied determination to occupy the country in the face of heavy losses from unending opposition. Upon that extremely long shot does Adolf Hitler still hope to save the Reich.

PACIFIC: Suicide Corps

Her great cities aflame, with American forces edging closer and closer to the homeland, Japan has decided upon the organization of a civilian suicide corps to help counter an invasion of the country, it was reported.

Announcement of the creation of the corps came as 27½ miles of the 65-mile industrial district of Tokyo lay smoldering as a result of super-attack, and as carrier planes

Having long written of the fortunes of war, famed 44-year-old War Correspondent Ernie Pyle himself fell victim to its tragic twists, when a lap machine gunner singled him out as a target while he was talking to an officer at a command post on Ie Shima island off of Okinawa and killed him instantly. Covering the Pacific war after writing from the European and North African theaters since the London blitz of 1940, Pyle was considered a soldier's newspaperman because of his genius for portraying military life in simple, homely terms.

from Vice Adm. Marc Mitscher's famed task force ranged over the southern portion of the homeland and whittled down Jap aerial strength.

At the same time, American ground forces continued their steady advances on Okinawa in the Ryukyus after beating off numerous Jap counterattacks, and slashed deep into the enemy's northern mountain stronghold on Luzon in the Philippines. As an indication of the continued ferocity of the fighting, most Jap casualties were killed, with few prisoners taken.

33RD PRESIDENT: Starts Tenure

Wished well on every hand, and with congress showing a warm disposition to cooperate with him, Harry S. Truman, former Missouri farm boy who rose to the nation's highest office in one of the gravest periods of history, started his presidential tenure with a dedication to the principles of his predecessor.

Lacking both the magnetism and political genius of F.D.R., Mr. Truman's methods may be different, but in his first address to congress and the nation, he left no doubt that he stands four-square behind the late President's program for unconditional surrender, postwar international cooperation to preserve peace, and intent to maintain the liberalism of the last 12 years.

Though pledging himself to the continuation of such liberalism, it was generally felt that Mr. Truman would temper it with a more sympathetic attitude toward business, and strive to bring capital and labor closer together.

Speaking in advance of the United Nations' postwar peace parley in San Francisco, Mr. Truman's address was mainly devoted to foreign affairs, with strong emphasis upon the close working of peace-loving countries to outlaw war, by force if necessary, and the need for the U. S. to assist stricken people and increase overseas trade to raise general living standards.

Heartening has been the new President's continued desire to work closely with congress.



Mr. Truman

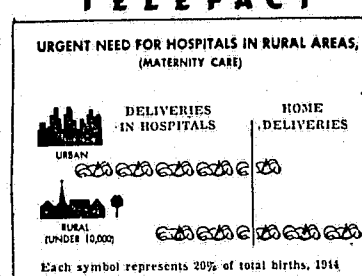
CHAIN STORES: Monopoly Suit

The oft-disputed question of the chain store was brought before Judge Walter C. Lindley in federal district court at Danville, Ill., with the government accusing the New York Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea company (the A. & P.) of being a repressive monopoly, and the firm asserting it is merely a highly efficient organization passing savings to consumers.

In presenting the government's case, Prosecutor Horace Flurry charged that the A. & P.'s combined operations permitted it to undersell in certain areas and drive out competition, and the volume of its business enabled it to put pressure on individual manufacturers for its benefit by threatening to withdraw its orders.

Countering the government's arguments, A. & P. attorney W. M. Acton of Danville, Ill., challenged the prosecution to show when the company had never passed a saving to consumers. Declaring that A. & P. sought no monopoly, Acton said the courts have established "you can sell at any price you please—even give merchandise away—if it is not for the sole purpose of eliminating competition."

TELEFACT



FOOD STORAGE: At Low

Standing at 519,929,000 pounds, total stocks of beef, pork, lamb and mutton in cold storage on April 1 were lowest on record for that date, while the government held substantial amounts of smaller dairy and poultry supplies.

At 791,867,000 pounds on the same date a year ago, pork holdings had dipped to 326,399,000 pounds, of which the government owned a fourth. Beef stocks dropped to 151,990,000 pounds and lamb and mutton to 15,254,000. At 432,339,000 pounds a year ago, lard inventories were down to 50,579,000, of which the Dairy Products Marketing association and government agencies owned 21,189,000.

Of smaller butter stocks of 29,639,000, the U. S. held about half, of 98,922,000 pounds of cheese, it owned about 40 per cent, and government holdings of dried eggs included 87,649,000 pounds of 99,881,000; 703,000 cases of shell eggs of 1,777,000, and 25,937,000 pounds of frozen eggs of 115,344,000. At 141,759,000 pounds, total poultry stocks were down from a year ago.

FARM LABOR: More POW's

Unless an early end to the European war occurs, taxing shipping facilities for retransport of men and materials and raising employment problems here, the army plans to bring in an additional 125,000 German war prisoners before harvest time to relieve the farm labor shortage.

Working under international regulations, war prisoners have performed valuable services in this country, with 150,000 employed in army camps; 43,000 in agriculture, pulpwood and food processing, and 35,000 Italians in war industry. Having used 20,000 war prisoners last year, commanders have asked for 32,000 this season, it was said.

As of April 1, there were 311,630 German war prisoners in this country, along with 50,549 Italians and 3,268 Japanese.

F.D.R.: Will Disclosed

Having previously conveyed the residence and surrounding grounds of his picturesquely Hyde Park, N. Y., estate to the government for a memorial, the late President Roosevelt sought to preserve its character for posterity by asking his family in his will not to remove any belongings essentially a part of the property.

Mr. Roosevelt's request was contained in the will which also bequeathed all of his real estate and personal property in Meriwether county, Georgia, to the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation for Infants Paralysis.

Filed in Dutchess county, New York, the late President's will provided that Mrs. Roosevelt is to receive the income from a trust fund set up from his estate, with half of the principal and accumulations going to his children or their heirs upon her death. The remainder would rest in trust for the children and grandchildren. Each servant and employee whose salary was paid by Mr. Roosevelt is to receive \$100.

ARMY FARE

Monthly overseas shipments of perishable foods increased during 1944 to more than 2½ times the quantity of these items supplied to overseas troops during the previous year in refrigerated ships and deliveries will be maintained at high rates, the war department said.

Even with the larger troop strength now in foreign theaters of operation the supply of fresh foods per man overseas is the largest it has been at any time, army officials said.

Washington Digest

Conference Irons Out World Air Problems

Future of Commercial Flying Depends on 'Freedom of Air' Pacts, Allowing Planes To Fly and Land Anywhere.

By BAUKHAGE
 News Analyst and Commentator.

Baukhage has made a study of that highly important question: Freedom of the Air.

The air transport command, with the help of the American aviation industry, has built up the greatest international aerial communication system in history.

Military and civilian experts alike admit that this tremendous system that links the globe from Arctic to Antarctic and around the world is the result of the "man-of-war," imagination, energy and initiative which have made this nation what it is today.

How shall the arts of wartime communication be woven into the expansion of American trade development in the peace to come?

Baukhage sets forth some of the leading military and civilian aviation opinions in this series of two articles, appearing as UNCTO (United Nations Council on International Organization) opens in San Francisco.

Some time after V-Day, when the forces of the occupation are withdrawn and the world once more settles back to peace, the greatest international air transport system which was ever built will largely cease to be. That system, the Air Transport Command of the U. S. army, criss-crosses the western hemisphere from Nome in Alaska to Rio de Janeiro; from Iceland to Panama City. It stretches eastward across the Atlantic, laces Europe and Africa, reaches India and then swings around the globe by way of Australia, through Honolulu to the Pacific coast.

Over the ATC's more than a hundred and fifty landing fields, the American flag now flies. Big planes travel the routes at the rate of 51 million miles a month, which is equal to 70 trips around the world at the equator every 24 hours.

From the flagpoles on most of those bases, the Stars and Stripes will be lowered after the world has returned to peace. And strange as it may seem, the thing that worries the friends of commercial aviation most is not so much whether Old Glory flies free over those bases, as whether the air over them and the rest of the world is free to the extent that American planes will have access to those and other bases over the globe.

We have achieved freedom of the seas. Why can't we have freedom of the air, too?

I carried that question right into the Pentagon building to the office of the one of the AAF officers whose job includes worrying over that important question. He is William Mitchell, lieutenant colonel, United States army air force, assistant executive to the assistant secretary of war for air. This was his answer (Colonel Mitchell made it clear that he was expressing his personal views and was not speaking for the war department, but he stated that his opinions were shared by many other members of the air staff):

"Conflicts over artificial barriers on intercourse by air," he said, "used to be a fertile breeding ground for wars. But for 200 years vessels of any nation have been able to travel the oceans in peacetime without international supervision, and as a result, this source of international conflict has disappeared."

If he had stopped there I might have left his office feeling quite reassured. But that was only the beginning.

Each Country Rules

The Airways Above It

The analogy between freedom of the sea and freedom of the air, it seems, is an attractive one but it won't hold water.

"An airplane does not merely touch the coast of a country," the colonel explained, "it may penetrate into the remotest interior. Accordingly it has become fairly well established that a nation has jurisdiction over the airspace above its land to the same extent that it has jurisdiction over the land itself. The result is that, in the absence of agreement between countries, no plane may cross a foreign border. The air is not free, it is closed."

American ambition doesn't like to be fenced in and already we have mapped a pattern of air routes we'd like to establish when peace comes. Those routes will encircle the globe. Our own civil aeronautics board is in the process of holding hearings to determine which carriers will be certified to fly these routes.

But the certificates issued, says Colonel Mitchell, "will be mere scraps of paper unless other countries consent to operations by United States carriers."

Arrival at such common consent is in the making today, and has been greatly advanced since the state de-

partment called the conference in Chicago last November. Representatives of 52 countries met. At the last minute the Soviet Union dropped out, but certain basic agreements were reached. This conference Colonel Mitchell calls "the civil air part of the peace settlement" because it provided "in the main convention which was prepared, a proposed international organization which might, with respect to air matters within its competence directly affecting world security, enter into appropriate agreements with any general organization set up by the nations to preserve peace."

Colonel Mitchell believes that "the degree, or lack of it, to which the world can be linked by aviation, will be an important element in determining whether the nations of the world can be brought together in peaceful understanding."

Preliminary Agreements Made at Chicago Meeting

Now, what did the Chicago conference achieve?

After considerable discussion in which there were sharp differences of opinion, the conference prepared two multilateral agreements on commercial operations which were separate from the main convention and which any country was free to sign if it wished. They are concerned with the "five freedoms of the air" which will be taken up in detail in a later article. They are (1) the right to fly over a country (2) the right to land for non-traffic purposes (3) the right to disembark passengers, mail and freight from the country of origin of the aircraft (4) the right to embark traffic for the country of origin and (5) the right to do business along the way.

Because all of the countries were not prepared to accept all the freedoms, a choice was provided. One agreement offered, between the signatory countries, merely the first two freedoms. That is right to fly over the country and the right of non-traffic stop, which means permission to stop at an airport for refueling and such purposes.

The other grants all five freedoms, but the fifth could be denied by any country on proper notice to other contracting countries.

At the time this is written the "Two-Freedoms" agreement has been signed (but not definitely accepted) by 34 countries, accepted by four (including the United States, Canada, the Netherlands and Norway).

The "Five Freedoms" agreement has been signed but not definitely accepted by 22 countries; definitely accepted by two, including the Netherlands (without the fifth freedom) and the United States.

The main work of the conference was the writing of a convention on International Civil Aviation and Interim Agreement which will set up an international organization. The conference also recommended a model form of agreement on commercial services to be used in bilateral negotiations.

"The work of the Chicago conference," said Colonel Mitchell, "is merely a blueprint for further activity. A start has been made, but, like Dumbarton Oaks, much remains to be done."

Further details of some of the problems involved and the attitudes revealed in negotiations so far will be set forth in a second article appearing next week.

Australia's famous Empire Air Training Scheme, which provided airmen for Britain, has ended. Ten thousand trained Aussies were promised, 35,000 provided. Of them, more than 6,000 have been killed, 2,000 are missing, 1,000 are prisoners.



HENRY BAILING OUT

Henry Ford is leaping out of the airplane after the war, with or without a parachute.

He wants no part of winged Mercury in the postwar world, and will turn him in for good old Lizzie.

The great Willow Run factory that is turning one bomber out every hour will get back to earth and spawn flivvers at the first opportunity, Henry announces. He expects to sell a million cars a year, and he sees longer lines in front of the Ford salesrooms than there are in front of "Oklahoma!"

As Hank sees it, the people are craving to leap from battles to rattles. They are yearning for the time when the word "objective" will again mean a hotdog stand at the seaside, when a spearhead will be just a point in a traffic jam, and when all communiques will read: "We made broad advances on all approaches to the bathing beach this morning."

Ford has been a miracle man in the bomber business, but his heart belongs to Lizzie.

His one desire is to get back to a vehicle that drops nothing bigger than a nut, ruins nothing but an enemy fender and has but one target: life, liberty and the pursuit of detours.

Hen was never happy watching those bombers roll off his production lines. They lacked the family touch, the defective headlight and the optional upholstery. He was a dejected figure as he looked at a Ford product which allowed for no back-seat driving, no loose door handles and no complaints about the windshield wiper.

Henry pioneered the auto in order to give man more pleasure, wider travel and an opportunity for nervous breakdowns over a greater expanse of territory. He never thought any vehicle of his would destroy cities and lick master races.

He pines for the end of the war and the return of the day when the question of the hour will be "has mother packed the lunch for the trip to Lake Polliwog?" and not "What's the target for tonight?"

And when the only briefing will be "Keep her down to 45 an hour."

His idea of a great picture is that of John Smith, Mrs. Smith, the Smith kids and Rover all jammed into the touring car, their faces aglow, their hearts high, with no hatred for anybody except a motor-cycle cop, and no desire to kill anybody except the inventor of the red light.

We're with you, Hank. Down with the bombers! Long live Lizzie!

MCGOOFEY'S FIRST READER

Q.—Oh, see the towel!
 A.—The towel has seen better days.

Q.—Yes, it looks more like a floor mop.

Q.—Where is the towel?

A.—It is on the counter in many a soda fountain, lunch counter or milk bar.

Q.—What is the towel there for?

A.—To keep the counter clean and sanitary.

Q.—Are you kidding?

A.—No, but the board of health must be.

Q.—Who is this?

A.—This is John Q. Public.

Q.—He looks sick.

A.—He is sick.

Q.—What is the matter with him?

A.—Those soda fountain, milk bar and lunch room towels have a lot to do with it.

Q.—Why doesn't he complain?

A.—He did.

Q.—What happened?

A.—The attendant asked if he didn't know there was a war on.

Q.—Who is this?

A.—This is an attendant.

Q.—How can you tell?

A.—By the dirty apron and dirty towel.

Q.—What is that spot where he is washing the glasses?

A.—That is dirty water.

Q.—Isn't there a health law on that, too?

A.—Aw, stop kiddin', will ya?

Prof. Morton C. Kahn of Cornell has discovered that mosquitoes have love songs. Each species has its distinct torch number, he declares. We suppose favorite skitter songs are "Everytime We Say Good Bye," and "Sting for Your Supper."

DO YOU KNOW HER?

The dame who gets me incoherent is the smug and doting parent whose own child is a plaster saint while other children... well, just ain't.

Joan D'Arcy O'Sullivan.

Drys Gain in Local Option Voting

The year 1944 was marked by continued growth of sentiment for prohibition through local option, the Women's Christian Temperance Union asserts, with a survey showing that there were 4,073 "dime dry" areas on January 1, 1945, compared with 3,333 for the same date 12 months before. In addition, it was said, many areas banned the sale of whiskey and other hard liquors.

With no strong support for national prohibition, local option loomed as the most effective instrument for dries in controlling areas. Since repeal, it was pointed out, some 15,000 local option elections have been held, with 9,000 resulting in victories for the Prohibitionists of all local option states, only Delaware remains all wet.

SNAPPY

Greater facilities provided for farming rear tire equipment, B. active in this rubber conserv.

Industrial machine durable goods, such as refrigerators and major parts, trusted mechanics made in the U. S.

The Belgian Conviding natural Allies' stockpile output has been tons, compared tons in 1943.

B.F. Good

FIRST IN R

Balsam of

DR. PORTER'S ANTIMONY ANTISEPTIC

STOCK OWNERS'

THE GROVELABOR

SNAPPY FACTS
ABOUT
RUBBER

Greater facilities are now provided farmers for recapping rear tires on tractors and other rubber-shod farm equipment. B. F. Goodrich is active in this extended farm rubber conservation.

Industrial machinery and consumer durable goods, such as automobiles, refrigerators and the like, use the major portion of molded and extruded mechanical rubber goods made in the U. S.

The Belgian Congo is still providing natural rubber for the Allies' stockpile. Last year's output has been put at 3000 tons, compared with 2400 tons in 1943.

Henry Shaw

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

STRAINS, SORENESS
CUTS, BURNS

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Keep a bottle handy for the minor casualties of kitchen and nursery. At your drugstore—trial size bottle 35¢; household size 65¢; economy size \$1.25. G. C. HANFORD MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y. Sole makers of

Balsam of Myrrh

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Smart stockmen have relied for years on soothing, effective Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Oil. It's soothing... tends to promote natural healing processes. Keep it on hand always for emergency use for minor cuts, burns, saddle galls, bruises, flesh wounds, and use only as directed. Ask your veterinarian about it... your druggist has it.

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ONE WORD SUGGESTION FOR ACID INDIGESTION—
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USELESS
COWBOY

By ALAN Le MAY W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY THUS FAR: Melody Jones and George Fury rode into Payneville on a route to California. While there Melody was mistaken for the wanted outlaw, Monte Jarrod. Cherry, Monte's girl friend, rushed them out to the farm, where they met Avery, her brother. Informed a posse was after them, Melody and Fury left toward the border. They returned and hid in the attic until discovered by Avery. Melody stayed at the ranch that night while Fury returned to Payneville. The next morning Cherry hitched up the buckboard and asked them to follow her along the road. Melody followed without learning the destination. They both knew her plans, however.

CHAPTER VIII

"I don't understand you," Cherry said, looking at him strangely. "Why are you just waiting here to be killed? Any one of the rocks you can see from here, any bunch of the Cotton boys behind it, waiting to kill you. We might have been bush-whacked on the road we just drove. What's the matter with you? Are you trying to die?"

"Huh-uh," said Melody. He cocked his hat to one side, to block the flat rays of the sun.

"Then what in the name of heaven—"

"Well," Melody said with reluctance, "I'll tell you. If you got to know it. It's because there's a couple of things I don't understand about this here."

Cherry de Longpre looked at him for a long time with blank eyes.

"I never saw anybody like you before," she said at last. "But I'll tell you why I brought you here."

She drove the Mustang team forward a little way, in among the ruins of the ranch. "This is called Burnt Ranch now," she told him. "But it used to be the Rowntree."

"I heard of them old pirates," Melody said.

"Then forget what you heard," she told him shortly.

"Back there behind that big chimney arch, where the adobe still stands so thick—that used to be the fruit cellar," Cherry went on, with such stubbornness that she seemed unperturbed. "Mrs. Rowntree was a great hand for canning stuff. If you hunted under that rubbish, you'd find the broken cans, with labels on 'em that Mrs. Rowntree wrote."

"Canning stuff is a fine thing," Melody said. "Did you ever put up any cinnamon pears?"

"What?"

"Nothin'. Excuse me, ma'am, and go ahead."

Cherry went ahead and told him what had happened, according to her. The Cottons, she said, came into the valley much later than the Rowntrees. Anybody would think that there was enough land around there for everybody, such as it was, but the Cottons didn't feel that way.

They set about driving the Rowntrees out, and their methods were an old story all over the West. They started with the handy use of running-irons, and the laming of horses, and sometimes a night stampede; and worked up to a full range-wrecking war, with the killing of an occasional cowboy in what is known as "a fair shoot-out" in some places, as yet.

Then finally a kid cowboy came along, after the Rowntrees had lost about everything they had, and the Rowntrees gave him a job. For a little while things seemed to change; that one cowboy almost reversed the whole course of the war. He had the Cottons so well backed up that it looked as if the Cottons, and not the Rowntrees, were going to be driven out of the valley.

Cherry told all this earnestly, with slow-worded strength of effect.

"The name of this cowboy," Cherry said at the end of it, "was Monte Jarrod."

"I kind of thought," Melody said, "it was going to be Jarrod."

In spite of Monte Jarrod's amazing rally, Cherry went on to say, the end of the war had been very bad. The Cottons swarmed down one night with more than forty men. Some of them made pretense that it was an Apache raid, but they turned out to be Cottons when they were dead. They laid siege, intent upon wiping out the Rowntree once and for all, in a single night. Old Newton Rowntree and his wife had only a couple of cowboys there, besides Monte Jarrod, but they fought well, from behind the walls.

One of the cowboys was killed first. Then Newton Rowntree was hit; Cherry showed Melody the angle of the wall where he went down. He was shot in the throat, she said, and bled to death in his wife's arms. Mrs. Rowntree took up his rifle then. Cherry pointed out the window ledge where her head had laid as she died. Monte and an old cowboy called Davy kept on fighting most of the night, until the fires were set.

"So that's why Monte Jarrod is an outlaw now," she finished, snuffing a little. "Old Man Cotton had got himself made sheriff the day before the raid. So now every law in the world is against Monte Jarrod, and always will be. And the southwest won't be satisfied until he's dead."

"You talk good," Melody said with respect. "I've heard lies to trip a bull. I've heard lies that paid off bigger than a hundred dollars. But

I never heard no such lies as that lie there."

Cherry turned white; she looked as if she were about to go up in smoke. "You dare use that word to me? You say I—lie—"

"Uh-huh," Melody said. "I reckon you was thinking of Billy the Kid—he used to come up with them kind of monkeyshines all the whole time. How was you to know I always stop by and grub-test at the Rowntrees, whenever I winter in California?"

"You—you do?"

"They raise chickens now," he told her. "They was some of those folks that come out West to get rich. So they got rich, and moved to California. Or at least," Melody amended, "they moved. Old Man Cotton bought this whole spread for a hundred dollars and a buckboard team."

"Let it go," Cherry said in a dead voice. "I quit."

They sat silent, a certain awkwardness between them.

"I'm hungry," Melody said.

"I'm sorry," Cherry said, without having heard him. She sounded as if she were going to cry. "I got myself into something, and I tried to talk my way out. That's all."

"So I mean," Melody said.

"My family's known Monte Jarrod since he was so high," Cherry said in the same dead voice. "He rode in hurt, and I tried to help him. That's all there was to the whole thing."

"Did he get away okay?" Melody asked with interest.

"They're about to get him. He would have been safe—but you drew the posse back, by being mistaken."

She drove the Mustang team forward a little way, in among the ruins of the ranch. "This is called Burnt Ranch now," she told him. "But it used to be the Rowntree."

"I heard of them old pirates," Melody said.

"Then forget what you heard," she told him shortly.

"Back there behind that big chimney arch, where the adobe still stands so thick—that used to be the fruit cellar," Cherry went on, with such stubbornness that she seemed unperturbed. "Mrs. Rowntree was a great hand for canning stuff. If you hunted under that rubbish, you'd find the broken cans, with labels on 'em that Mrs. Rowntree wrote."

"Canning stuff is a fine thing," Melody said. "Did you ever put up any cinnamon pears?"

"What?"

"Nothin'. Excuse me, ma'am, and go ahead."

Cherry went ahead and told him what had happened, according to her. The Cottons, she said, came into the valley much later than the Rowntrees. Anybody would think that there was enough land around there for everybody, such as it was, but the Cottons didn't feel that way.

They set about driving the Rowntrees out, and their methods were an old story all over the West. They started with the handy use of running-irons, and the laming of horses, and sometimes a night stampede; and worked up to a full range-wrecking war, with the killing of an occasional cowboy in what is known as "a fair shoot-out" in some places, as yet.

Then finally a kid cowboy came along, after the Rowntrees had lost about everything they had, and the Rowntrees gave him a job. For a little while things seemed to change; that one cowboy almost reversed the whole course of the war. He had the Cottons so well backed up that it looked as if the Cottons, and not the Rowntrees, were going to be driven out of the valley.

Cherry told all this earnestly, with slow-worded strength of effect.

"The name of this cowboy," Cherry said at the end of it, "was Monte Jarrod."

"I kind of thought," Melody said, "it was going to be Jarrod."

In spite of Monte Jarrod's amazing rally, Cherry went on to say, the end of the war had been very bad. The Cottons swarmed down one night with more than forty men. Some of them made pretense that it was an Apache raid, but they turned out to be Cottons when they were dead. They laid siege, intent upon wiping out the Rowntree once and for all, in a single night. Old Newton Rowntree and his wife had only a couple of cowboys there, besides Monte Jarrod, but they fought well, from behind the walls.

One of the cowboys was killed first. Then Newton Rowntree was hit; Cherry showed Melody the angle of the wall where he went down. He was shot in the throat, she said, and bled to death in his wife's arms. Mrs. Rowntree took up his rifle then. Cherry pointed out the window ledge where her head had laid as she died. Monte and an old cowboy called Davy kept on fighting most of the night, until the fires were set.

"So that's why Monte Jarrod is an outlaw now," she finished, snuffing a little. "Old Man Cotton had got himself made sheriff the day before the raid. So now every law in the world is against Monte Jarrod, and always will be. And the southwest won't be satisfied until he's dead."

ing out of a dog house. Somehow it also made Harry look pigeon-toed on both sides, instead of just the one.

When Melody looked up from trying the latigo, Cherry was staring at him in utter dumbfoundment.

"You're—you're going to do it?"

"What? Change saddles? Oh, sure. Ain't that what you wanted me to do?"

"Yes," she admitted, in a very small voice.

He saluted her with one gloved hand, and reined Harry Henshaw away. "I guess I got to be going, now."

"Wait!" Cherry called sharply, and he turned back. "That—that's the wrong way! You can't ride down that way! That's toward Payneville!"

"I know," Melody said. "You see—I got to talk to a feller."

As soon as Melody was out of sight, Cherry turned and went whaling back to the Busted Nose. She got there with her ratty team blowing and lathering; and Monte Jarrod was at her buckboard wheel, even before she could jump down.

"I'm glad you're ready to ride," she said before he spoke. "It's time to be out of here, Monte. Avery, how long time did you get past me on the road?"

The deceptive thing about Avery was that he made his long, sullen silences and his secretive eyes suggest a singular wisdom; people always listened when he spoke, because it was seldom. Then they were let down by the triviality of the long-awaited remark.

"Oh, I got ways," he answered her.

"There's a couple of things you need to know," she said, looking him directly in the eyes. "Neighbors need to mean a lot, back in Pike County. Because people were few and far between. And they hung onto each other, for better or worse. So we were there; so we broke a colt together, when we were eleven years old."

"Named him Dusty," Monte said.

That made Cherry falter a little. "I didn't reckon you'd remember."

"I remember, Cherry."

"All right. All right, Monte. But you've got to know something. I wouldn't risk one thread of that stranger boy's shirt to pull you out of this!"

He stared at her blankly through most of that, but on the last of it a kind of humor came into his eyes. "You done that already," he said.

"I didn't," she said breathily, as much to herself as to him. "I didn't—I didn't, and I won't."

His stiff-shouldered smile pushed up the lower lids of his eyes. "I'll be a long day, the day you ever quit me," he said.

She stared at him defiantly; but presently her eyes dropped. "I guess so, Monte."

"There's only one thing you got to be sure to do," he said clearly. "After they get him you got to go and identify him."

She shrugged that off, almost with contempt. "He can easy enough prove who he is!"

Monte's eyes snapped back to her face. "I reckon he isn't going to prove much, after he's dead."

"They're aren't going to—" "I should judge they'll bring the body in. But if they don't, you've still got to make sure they bury him as me."

Cherry was staring at him as if she couldn't believe her ears. She managed a shaky flare-up. "Nothing like this is going to happen! Even if they should catch him—"

Monte chuckled, but it hurt his side, and he finished straight-faced. "All he better hope is that there's a tree handy, so they don't have to hang him by draggin' him."

"I don't believe you," Cherry said again. He could hardly hear her this time.

"This is the break in the luck," Monte said; "and it's you that done it, honey. I got plans for burnin' this country to the ground, once I get in the clear!"

THE moviegoing public thinks of Monty Woolley as a middle-aged brat with a beard who has made good in a big way.

Although Monty (who was christened Edgar) will probably deny it, much of this is due primarily to "the Beard" himself. Just now it pleases him to be sick and tired of the tag and threadbare jests about his hirsute adornment. But there was a day when Monty wel-

comed any flip remark about his chin curtain as furthering his name and fame.

If you're fortunate enough to catch Edgar Monty Woolley on one of his talkative days he'll give you a story of the weird ups and downs that have beset him from the cradle. He'll tell you the way was not smooth for Woolley even before he became the bearded half of the Gracie Fields-Monty Woolley team which is box office honey right now. That combination, which has just culminated in "Molly and Me," has provided the Beard with a new screen personality. It has sandpapered down the cutting edge of his acidulous screen personality to a likable old devil whose bark is louder than his bite. But regardless of this, his beard—that hated wind-wooling alfalfa, to hear him talk—still figures as the most salable feature of the Woolley personality.

Get Out of My Beard!

When Woolley once told me: "I'm sick and tired of this printed drool about my whiskers. For heaven's sake, Hedda, keep my beard out of your typewriter! So far as the public is concerned I've ceased to be an actor or even a man with any personality. I'm just a beard now, and in the future I want no more talk of it!"—I fell for it head over heels. Imagine, then, my surprise to find "Molly and Me" featuring a scene—one of the funniest in the picture, incidentally—pitched entirely around Monty's chin wool.

Then I learned he turned down a starring role in "Colonel Effingham's Raid" because it called for a smooth face.

At the time Woolley became professor of English at Yale university that seemed a career worthy of fighting for. In the suave superiority of his classroom position Monty gave deep thought to the finest nuances of the language. Spoke his sentences with elegance and precision.

But the theater was strong at the back of his mind and he asked for the post of dramatic director.

George Pierce Baker's appointment to the post precipitated Monty's resignation. Brought on a penniless and dispirited period in which Monty appealed to his friends in the theater. They didn't fall for him; he ended this phase by directing "Fifty Million Frenchmen," "Champagne Sec," and "Jubilee"—no mean record. But his friends in Hollywood were directing pictures at plush salaries. So Monty landed in movietown.

That Beard Again

Now the beard comes into the picture once again. The beard got Monty his first job in movies—a Russian Impresario. But Walter Connolly—a fat man without a beard—continued to get the parts Monty had his eye on.

Monty turned back to the theater for solace. Was on the eve of returning to Broadway to direct another play when Moss Hart rang him, asking him to play the lead role in a play called "Strange People." If I remember correctly, the play turned out to be "The Man Who Came to Dinner." It put the Beard right in the head of the spotlight. Hollywood didn't see him again until Warners determined to make the picture with **Bette Davis**. But Bette demanded him and got him. Then 20th Century got Monty for "The Best of Enemies," signed him to a long-term contract out of which came a unique run-and-tumble—the Gracie Fields-Monty Woolley combination. These two invest an autumn love story with a sprig of spring.

"Why not?" shouts the veteran of many bitterly fought artistic battles. "All things being considered, a beard covers almost any facial defect and in the long run makes its wearer look younger. Yes, and feel younger, too. So there!"

To a Great Gal

Fibber McGee has written a song, "My Molly," dedicating it to his wife. Molly's a star wherever she goes. It doesn't matter what glamorous girl's in the room—when Molly starts using her little girl voice, everybody stops to listen, laugh and to applaud. . . . Thomas Mitchell goes right back where he belongs—in the big time, with Clark Gable and Greer Garson in "Strange Adventure." . . . Ray Collins plays the district attorney in "Leave Her to Heaven."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Gracie Fields

Monty Woolley

Gracie Fields

Monty Woolley

Gracie Fields

Monty Woolley

Gracie Fields

Monty Woolley

Gracie Fields

Monty Woolley

Gracie Fields

Monty Woolley

CLASSIFIED
DEPARTMENT

Persons now engaged in essential industry will not apply without statement of availability from their local United States Employment Service.

HELP WANTED—MEN
Machine Makers Wanted—6 days a week, two weeks' vacation with pay. Alderney Brooklawn Farms, Morris Plains, N. J.

WANTED—Married or single men for barn work; also milkers experienced with De Laval milking machines. Excellent pay and working conditions. Mr. C. Le Roy Ambrose, Walker Gordon Laboratories of N. E. Inc., Charles River (Needham), Mass.

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CASH PRIZES—"MORE FUN" Publications will show you how to get more fun out of life. Only 25¢. Buffalo, N. Y. More Fun, Box 225

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Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back. When excess stomach acid causes painful, suffocating, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicines known for symptomatic relief—antacid tablets. But these tablets, no laxative. But they bring comfort in 5 to 10 minutes. Money back on return of bottle to 50¢ at all drugstores.

KILLS Many Insects on Shrubs, 40 Vegetables and flowers

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Dr. Trues' Elixir
THE TRUE FAMILY LAXATIVE
Aids in the relief of constipation due to sluggishness of the intestinal tract. Agreeable to use only as directed. At all drugstores.

Do you suffer from MONTHLY NERVOUS TENSION
with its wear, tired feelings?
If functional periodic disturbances make you feel nervous, tired, restless at such times—try this great medicine—Dr. E. F. Plankham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Taken regularly—it helps build up resistance against such distress. Also a grand stomachic tonic. Follow label directions.

AT FIRST SIGN

The Oxford County Citizen

The Bethel News 1885
The Rumford Citizen, 1906

Published every Thursday in the interests of the inhabitants of Bethel and the other towns of northwestern Oxford County. Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1908, at the post office at Bethel, Maine. Subscription rates, paid in advance: three years, \$5.00; one year, \$2.00; six months, \$1.10; three months, 60c. Phone 106

Carl L. Brown, Publisher

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1945

State of Maine PROCLAMATION By The Governor

WHEREAS, The Maine State Guard and the Maine State Guard Reserve now constitute the only authorized military forces in the State since the reduction and withdrawal of Federal Troops, and

WHEREAS, The internal security of the State is dependent upon the strength and efficiency of State Guard troops who must now be properly trained to carry out a great variety of missions for the protection and preservation of life and property, and

WHEREAS, The duties and responsibilities of the State Guard are destined to be expanded during the present year and the early post war period and/or until the return of the National Guard, and

WHEREAS, The strength, caliber and training of any contemplated National Guard units are factors that cannot now be determined until proper Federal regulations have been issued, and

WHEREAS, The current quotas assigned the State of Maine for induction into the Federal armed forces by the National Selective Service are summoning many who are now enrolled in the State Guard, and

WHEREAS, It is particularly urgent at this time that there be more men of the State in the 30-50 year group who could be of great benefit to themselves and the State by enrolling in the State Guard, and

NOW, THEREFORE, I, HORACE HILDRETH, Governor of Maine and Commander-in-Chief of the Military Forces of the State, do hereby invite the week of April 23-May 2

STATE GUARD RECRUITING WEEK

And I urge all citizens to give their support to this campaign, that young men of high school age as well as older men enroll in the State Guard in order that the proper strength, training and preparation for any emergency may be attained.

Given at the Office of the Governor at Augusta and sealed with the Great Seal of the State of Maine this 16th day of April in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Forty-five, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the One Hundred and Sixty-ninth.

HORACE HILDRETH
By the Governor
Harold L. Goss, Secretary of State

LOCKE MILLS

Adelaide W. Lister, Correspondent

Defense stamps were purchased as follows last week at the Village school: Primary, \$9.35; Intermediate, \$24.65; Grammar, \$24.30.

Allan Ring, Arnold and Reynold Jordan were purchasers of Bonds last week.

Mrs. Bertha Emmons, who has been ill for the past week, was out Monday, for the first time.

T. J. Gordon, L. Roberts returned Monday from a visit with his mother and family.

UPTON

Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Correspondent

A meeting of the Upton Hillside 4-H Club met at the home of Mrs. C. A. Judkins last Saturday afternoon. All members were present except Ruth Judkins, who didn't come home from Gould Academy over the week end.

The regular meeting of the Farm Bureau was held at the home of Mrs. C. A. Judkins on Wednesday, April 13 with 8 members and three visitors present. The subject of the meeting was "Cleaning Sewing machines and use of attachments," conducted by Mrs. Virginia Brown, H. D. A. and Miss Charlotte Cleaves, State Clothing Specialist. Four sewing machines were cleaned. Dinner was served at noon by Mrs. Bertha Judkins and Mrs. Jennie Judkins.

Edgar Worcester arrived from Hartford, Conn., Wednesday night last week. After remaining in town for two days he took his wife and two children with him and started for his new job in Kentucky.

There has been a bear coming near John Angevine's buildings for several nights.

V-Mail letters have been received by his parents Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Judkins from Lt. Albert B. Judkins since he started overseas. The first one was written from Egypt on Easter Sunday, the next two were written from India.

Miss Agnes Angevine had a birthday party at her home Sunday, April 22.

Everett Angevine and family of Pine Point called on his mother, Mrs. Gladys Angevine, Sunday.

Mrs. Wendelyn Holt and daughter, Helen, Han spent the week end at their home in Bethel.

Roland Bernier has been plowing for several people in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barbin of Berlin, N. H. spent the week end at Camp Gordon.

Callers in town Sunday were Percy Flint of Bethel on his way to Rosebuck Camps and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Brown and daughter of Bethel.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Hunt's Corner Cemetery Association will be held at the Grange Hall at Hunt's Corner May 12, 1945 at 8 P. M.

Signed
H. I. BEAN, President

GILEAD

Edwin Tibbets left Monday for Port Devens, Mass.

Lucas Brown and Harold Moore, spending a few days at the Moore home.

Mrs. M. J. Cook and son S. J. Cook and Robert Wade of Portland spent the week end with Mrs. Cook's cousin, Mrs. Florence Holder.

Mrs. Beatrice Noyes of West Burlington, Vt., is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Russell Cole.

Roscoe Lane of Upton was a recent guest of relatives in town.

Mrs. Elmina Thresher has returned to her home in Head Tide after spending several weeks at the home of Mrs. G. D. Daniels.

Paul Roberts and family of Norway spent the week end at their home here.

WEST PARIS

Mrs. Geneva Tuell, Correspondent

Fred C. Aalto died in Monson Wednesday where he was employed as a woodsman. Funeral services were held Sunday from the I. V. Andrews Funeral Home, South Woodstock. Interment at King Hill Cemetery, Paris. Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Tynne L. Aalto, three daughters, Mary and Annie Aalto and Mrs. Mary Jackson, two sons, L. F. Fred Aalto now somewhere in Germany and Matti Aalto, West Paris.

There will be a rummage sale at W. Paris Grange Hall Saturday at 1 P. M.

Mrs. Irvin L. Bowker of Portland was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. R. Tuell, Monday.

ROWE HILL

Callers at Bryants the week end of April 22 were Miss Marjorie Ring and friend, Miss Lillian Ring and Sylvia Ring of West Peru.

Miss Sylvia Ring spent several days last week at Wilmer Bryant's.

Wilmer Bryant and Winifred Hanson also Chester West were in Rumford and West Peru last Thursday.

Mrs. Bryant was in Bethel last Friday.

Osman Palmer hauled a load of hay from Irvin Martin's last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Colby Ring entertained their five grandchildren from Greenwood Center while their mother, Mrs. Glen Martin was in Portland.

Mrs. Winifred Hanson spent the week end with her sister, Miss Dinward Lang at Locke Mills.

Mrs. Ethel Martin, Greenwood Center called at Lewis Libby's and Mrs. Margaret Bryant's Sunday.

Colby Ring was in Bethel Saturday.

Miss Eunice Palmer was home from Berlin the week end of the 16th.

WEST GREENWOOD

Fred Littlewood returned to Athol, Mass., last week.

Mrs. Alden Wilson and children spent Thursday with her sister, Mrs. Walter Brown, on Grover Hill.

Paul Croteau and Joe Cyr are working for Fred Littlefield in Albany.

Mrs. George Fuller of Sabattus and Mrs. Edward Capillon and daughters of Attleboro, Mass., returned to their homes Thursday.

Merton Conner and Edridge Cuyler of Portland were callers at Paul Croteau's Sunday.

Mrs. Willis Bartlett visited her sister, Mrs. B. L. Harrington, the first of the week.

MIDDLE INTERVALE

Richard Carter went to Portland Thursday to have his physical examination for the Army.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Kimball of Lewiston were at their home here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Christie Bennett, of Norway and Mollie Levi Boutwell of Portland called on Mrs. Augustus Carter Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Stevens spent the week end with their daughter, Mrs. Ernest Swann at Dixfield.

Harold Bartlett Jr. has been very ill with the flu.

Richard Stevens and Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Stevens were in Norway Monday evening.

Richard Lawrence is doing some work at the Brick End House.

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BRYANT POND

Mrs. Inez Whitman, Correspondent

The Star Birthday Club was entertained Thursday, April 13, at the home of Mrs. Elsie Cole with Mrs. Bessie Billings, Mrs. Viola Meserve and Mrs. Edith Abbott as assistant hostesses. Twenty-one members were present and after the business meeting a contest of guessing pictures of noted people was won by Mrs. Gertrude Redman, and a map drawing contest by Mrs. Gertrude Davis. Refreshments were served.

The May meeting will be held the evening of the 17th at the home of Mrs. Nellie Billings.

The Susan B. Haswell Mission Society met with the Pres., Mrs. Verna Swan Tuesday evening, April 17th. The President appointed as nominating committee to appoint the officers for the coming year, Irene Keehlwetter, Orissa

Walcott and Edith Whitman, 2nd Vice Pres. Alice Chute had charge of the program on Foreign missions. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. James Farrar and Mrs. Otis Dudley spent the week end in Lynn, Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Swan and daughter Arlene, spent the week end at Harpswell.

Carl Swan has moved his family into the house owned by Victor Brooks.

Mrs. Isabel Brown and children, Aldis and Danny, have come to make their home with her father, Herbert Noyes. Her husband, Daniel Brown enters the service this week.

Robert Scherf, Chief Petty Officer 1-c, of Ayer, Mass was the week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Claude S. Cushman.

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Mrs. Isabel Brown and children, Aldis and Danny, have come to make their home with her father, Herbert Noyes. Her husband, Daniel Brown enters the service this week.

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Walcott and Edith Whitman, 2nd Vice Pres. Alice Chute had charge of the program on Foreign missions. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. James Farrar and Mrs. Otis Dudley spent the week end in Lynn, Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Swan and daughter Arlene, spent the week end at Harpswell.

Carl Swan has moved his family into the house owned by Victor Brooks.

Mrs. Isabel Brown and children, Aldis

W. J. Wheeler & Company, Inc.

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INSURANCE OF ALL KINDS

U. S. BRANCH OF THE ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1944

Stocks and Bonds \$7,127,530.85
Cash in Office and Bank 302,543.45
Agents' Balances 842,885.52
Interest and Rents 31,281.01
All other Assets 97,634.59

Gross Assets \$8,961,875.42
Deduct Items Not Admitted 296,250.47

Admitted \$8,665,624.95

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1944

Net Unpaid Losses \$964,396.00
Unearned Premiums 4,035,886.13
All other Liabilities 447,824.86
Statutory Deposit 500,000.00
Surplus over All Liabilities 2,717,517.96

Total Liabilities and Surplus \$8,665,624.95

THE HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.

New York

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1944

Stocks and Bonds \$20,799,532.84
Cash in Office and Bank 1,734,370.32
Agents' Balances 1,173,545.00
Bills Receivable 43,180.35
Interest and Rents 39,433.33
All other Assets 791,447.98

Gross Assets \$24,581,509.82
Deduct Items not admitted 140,250.83

Admitted \$24,441,258.74

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1944

Net Unpaid Losses \$2,676,945.00
Unearned Premiums 7,970,352.50
All other Liabilities 2,757,358.71
Cash Capital 4,000,000.00
Surplus over all Liabilities 7,036,592.53

Total Liabilities and Surplus \$24,441,258.74

HOME FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1944

Stocks and Bonds \$7,978,056.06
Agents' Balances 507,082.59
Cash in Office and Bank 2,038,212.79
Bills Receivable 1,431.18
Interest and Rents 29,812.48
All other Assets 962,771.33

Gross Assets \$11,607,376.43
Deduct Items not admitted, 45,110.98

Admitted \$11,562,265.45

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1944

Net Unpaid Losses \$1,733,586.21
Unearned Premiums 3,888,397.21
All other Liabilities 483,088.21
Cash Capital 1,000,000.00
Surplus over all Liabilities 4,457,183.82

Total Liabilities and Surplus \$11,562,265.45

FIRE ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1944

Real Estate \$2,676,211.73
Mortgage Loans 342,829.41
Stocks and Bonds 21,837,412.16
Cash in Office and Bank 2,320,127.25
Agents' Balances 1,611,676.60
Interest and Rents 46,086.51
All other Assets 2,126,382.16

Gross Assets \$30,960,725.82
Deduct Items not admitted, 1,773,990.27

Admitted \$29,186,735.55

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1944

Net Unpaid Losses \$2,861,356.50
Unearned Premiums 10,756,396.31
All other Liabilities 1,892,079.46
Cash Capital 2,000,000.00
Surplus over all Liabilities, 11,686,903.78

Total Liabilities and Surplus \$29,186,735.55

Your present Fire and Lightning Insurance can be endorsed at very small cost to cover the following perils:
Windstorm, Cyclone, Tornado, Hail, Explosion, Riot, Aircraft, Vehicles, Smoke
Take advantage of this opportunity to supplement your present protection.

EQUITABLE FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY

Providence, R. I.

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1944

Mortgage Loans \$25,000.00
Stocks and Bonds 7,295,547.00
Cash in Office and Banks 1,051,089.25
Agents' Balances 335,083.52
Bills Receivable 3,972.06
Interest and Rents 23,364.96
All other Assets 46,785.13

Gross Assets \$8,780,841.92
Deduct Items not admitted 35,119.17

Admitted Assets \$8,745,722.75

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1944

Net Unpaid Losses \$478,875.63
Unearned Premiums 1,436,721.94
All other Liabilities 94,879.06
Cash Capital 1,000,000.00
Surplus over all Liabilities 5,735,245.22

Total Liabilities and Surplus \$8,745,722.75

FITCHBURG MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Fitchburg, Massachusetts

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1944

Real Estate \$72,000.00
Stocks and Bonds 322,757.00
Agents' Balances 51,068.14
Cash in Office and Bank 254,693.39
Interest and Rents 3,607.13
All other Assets 4,737.85

Gross Assets \$708,863.71
Deduct Items not admitted 68.91

Admitted \$708,794.77

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1944

Net Unpaid Losses 32,261.13
Unearned Premiums 406,079.14
All other Liabilities 12,773.56
Surplus over all Liabilities, 257,680.94

Total Liabilities and Surplus \$708,794.77

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE LONDON, ENGLAND

United States Branch

111 John Street New York, N. Y.

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1944

Stocks and Bonds \$6,443,905.93
Cash in Office and Bank 483,518.27
Agents' Balances 826,480.87
Interest and Rents 24,331.68
All other Assets 98,404.36

Gross Assets \$7,876,641.16
Deduct Items not admitted 180,214.58

Admitted \$7,696,426.58

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1944

Net Unpaid Losses \$1,665,249.89
Unearned Premiums 3,079,439.07
All other Liabilities, 396,853.07
Statutory Deposit 500,000.00
Surplus over all Liabilities, 2,054,884.55

Total Liabilities and Surplus \$7,696,426.53

We will be pleased to quote you automobile insurance costs without obligation for the following coverages: comprehensive fire and theft, personal liability, property damage, collision and medical payment coverage.

QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1944

Mortgage Loans \$4,450.00
Stocks and Bonds 26,042,638.28
Cash in Office and Bank 1,646,889.17
Agents' Balances 1,416,801.73
Bills Receivable 25,286.53
Interest and Rents 105,717.51
All other Assets 200,934.98

Gross Assets \$29,442,670.20
Deduct Items not admitted 73,128.33

Admitted \$29,369,541.87

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1944

Net Unpaid Losses \$3,100,068.93
Unearned Premiums 10,309,410.96
All other Liabilities 1,857,437.39
Cash Capital 5,000,000.00
Surplus over all Liabilities 8,902,624.59

Total Liabilities and Surplus \$29,369,541.87

On the basis of Dec. 31, 1944 market quotations for all bonds and stocks owned this company's total admitted assets would be increased to \$30,251,792.70 and surplus to \$9,784,875.42.

U. S. BRANCH PHOENIX ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD

55 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1944

Real Estate \$228,578.90
Mortgage Loans 6,000.00
Agents' Balances 822,960.79
Cash in Office and Bank 799,761.90
Stocks and Bonds 6,784,090.59
Bills Receivable 3,409.45
Interest and Rents 56,835.92
All other Assets 31,337.30

Gross Assets \$8,732,974.85
Deduct Items not admitted 202,447.38

Admitted \$8,530,527.47

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1944

Net Unpaid Losses \$624,997.00
Unearned Premiums 4,834,721.72
All other Liabilities 358,281.14
Statutory Deposit 500,000.00
Surplus over all Liabilities 2,212,527.51

Total Liabilities and Surplus \$8,530,527.47

THE UNITED STATES BRANCH of

THE LONDON ASSURANCE

99 John Street, N. Y.

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1944

Mortgage Loans \$8,000.00
Stocks and Bonds 9,577,897.06
Cash in Office and Bank 1,313,449.54
Agents' Balances 619,180.16
Bills Receivable 23,651.22
Interest and Rents 31,098.35
All other Assets 106,695.44

Gross Assets \$11,680,011.77
Deduct Items not admitted 94,929.79

Admitted \$11,585,081.98

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1944

Net Unpaid Losses \$1,724,352.70
Unearned Premiums 3,495,368.40
All other Liabilities 849,897.70
Cash Capital 500,000.00
Surplus over all Liabilities 5,015,463.18

Total Liabilities and Surplus \$11,585,081.98

WESTCHESTER FIRE INS. CO.

110 William St., New York, N. Y.

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1944

Mortgage Loans \$233,829.75
Stocks and Bonds 16,590,861.25
Cash in Office and Bank 6,987,856.43
Agents' Balances 1,808,350.31
Bills Receivable 232,819.03
Interest and Rents 39,875.89
All other Assets 251,194.56

Gross Assets \$26,144,587.27
Deduct Items not admitted 181,604.15

Admitted \$25,962,983.12

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1944

Net Unpaid Losses \$4,357,756.00
Unearned Premiums 7,504,366.60
All other Liabilities 1,923,921.20
Cash Capital 1,000,000.00
Surplus over all Liabilities 11,176,939.32

Total Liabilities and Surplus \$25,962,983.12

On the basis of December 31, 1944 market quotations for all bonds and stocks owned, the total admitted assets and surplus would be increased by \$545,704.44.

At This Time This Office Wishes To Extend Sincere Thanks
To Its Many Patrons

Kathleen Norris Says:

What About Military Training?

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Features.



"It is only fair to our boys to have them ready. We didn't want it, we tried to do without it, but for 50 years to come I believe we must maintain a huge force."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

MORE than 500 American women have written to ask me what I think of compulsory military service for our American boys and girls. I don't often let political or international questions get into this column, but this is an exception and I want to answer these women in this way:

In a word, I'm for it. I think we might well emulate the Swiss system, which means only a few weeks out of every year, or at least we might make a serious study of that system. But if we are to be drawn into Europe's eternal boundary disputes and imperial quarrels in each succeeding generation, then in the name of common sense let us be ready for it, and save the lives of thousands of our boys by preparedness.

It was my dream for many years that by keeping the peace herself America might set the pace for the world. I still believe she might have done so. I still believe that if European countries had known, definitely and clearly, that we would not interfere in their old quarrels, they would have managed their affairs very differently in the last 25 years.

The northern, civilized countries, respecters of boundaries and of individual rights, would then have gotten together. They would have presented a solid wall to Germany; in the very beginning of her anti-Semitic purges, they would have united a dozen weak armies into one invincible one. They never did. Holland, England, Norway, Sweden, France, Poland, Belgium, Russia—what mightn't they have done against Germany's growing war menace! They never got together. Europe Won't Unite.

It is my sorrowful belief that they never will. Their claim, when any such federation is suggested, is that their differing languages, religions, backgrounds, traditions, histories make it impossible. This sounds funny in American ears. The truth is that their varying imperial ambitions cross and intercross after a thousand years of shifting loyalties and ineffectual wars, and now cannot be untangled even by their most brilliant statesmen.

So I have no hopes of them. Each one will do what some wise or unwise minister believes best for her, and chaos will result.

Meanwhile we have our own magnificent record, our long friendship with our neighbors, our peaceful skies, our unguarded borders. We know countries may live in peace together, and prosper all the more for that peace. But the deadly virus of war has been scattered everywhere now, and who knows what country will next break forth with improved guns and bombs and gases for a surprise attack?

It is only fair to our boys to have them ready. We didn't want it, we tried to do without it, but for 50 years to come I believe we

A HARSH NECESSITY

After many years of advocating neutrality and non-intervention, Miss Norris has come to the conclusion that the only security in the future for America lies in a large, permanent force, land, sea and air. This great army and navy will mean universal military training for young men. The women's auxiliary corps will require many thousands of girls too, although a draft of women probably never will be instituted.

There are certain benefits to military training, as Miss Norris points out, that to some extent offset the objections. Better health, wider experience and broader viewpoints are valuable by-products of army life in peacetime.

must maintain a sea and air force of perhaps three million men, and perhaps one-third that many women. These will be our police. A great city without a police force would be in the same position as a great nation with its navy sunk and its men disarmed. Other nations must know that we are ready to implement with the guns they have forced upon us what we say in defense of decency and honesty.

Might Have Been Stopped. If our three or four million army had been in readiness eight years ago, when Germany's fanatical broke forth in her anti-Semitic purges, we might have seen the danger then. We might have warned her then that her maniac leader was starting on the death trail. We might never have had the headlines that you and I are reading today.

Too late for that now. But it is never too late to learn, and I, who preached non-interventionism and neutrality for so many years, from so many platforms, see now that we are a part of the great commonwealth of the world, that we cannot impress upon other nations our own ideals of unfeeling friendliness with our neighbors, that we must accept a certain degree of militarism until all nations are wiser, and be ready to say "thus far, and no further," when the next Hitler pops up his ugly head.

Military training is essential, to dictatorship, true. But it may be a democratic thing, too, ironing out some of the class consciousness of our boys and girls, helping them to physical fitness, increasing their appreciation of home love and home comfort, broadening their viewpoints in a way that will be beneficial to them all their lives.

I haven't come to it easily. But I've come to it now. We have to have universal military training, and be ready. It may mean, to other countries, an increasing desire for war. It won't be that, to us. We're smarter than that.

Girdles Still Scarce

Synthetic rubber is slowly becoming available for manufacture of girdles, but larger quantities of synthetic rubber than natural rubber are required to make the same amount of elastic thread. Also the supply of cotton fabric is still exceedingly short. All this makes it necessary that you get as much wear as possible from the girdle you now have. Wash it frequently with the same care you would give your best hose, and dry it away from direct contact with any radiator.

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Simplicity Is the Keynote for Entertaining (See Recipes Below)

Tricks for the Hostess

No smart woman need be in a dilemma when it's time for her to entertain. It takes more than rationing and food shortages to do that. Indeed, if you don't breathe a word about how difficult it was to get it together, your friends will think you are giving them a glimpse of prewar entertaining.

You can stretch the precious meat with a supporting cast of vegetables. If you're serving nonrationed eggs, gild them with a bit of cheese and no one will dream that you had to do some fancy extending.

What about sugar? Well, there are syrups, point-free prepared puddings and molasses. No, there need be no difficulties; dress up your dishes and carry on.

Entertaining is fun, but that means fun not only for the guests but for the hostess. It's all up to you whether the party's going to be pleasant for you or not. Gather your point-free recipes, plan accordingly and I'm sure it will all come out all right.

Let's pretend your guests are coming in for an evening of conversation and a bit of food later on. You'll want a good beverage or cool drink and with that an unusual cake. Here is one made to order for the occasion:

***Prune Cake.**
2 cups sifted cake flour
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon each, ground cloves, nutmeg, allspice
1/2 cup lard
2 eggs
1 cup prunes, cooked without sugar.
1/2 cup milk

Sift together all dry ingredients. Blend about 1/2 of the mixture with the lard until soft and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs and beat light. Cut prunes into small pieces and sprinkle with 2 tablespoons of the dry mixture. Add remaining dry ingredients with 1/2 cup of the milk. Stir smooth. Add remaining milk and prune mixture and then pour into greased layer pans. Bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven until done, 25 to 30 minutes. This cake is good with a mocha or lemon icing.

Delicately spiced cookies are good to have in the cookie box because they're easy to fall back on when the crowd comes in for refreshments:

Maple Nut Balls.
1/2 cup lard
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt

Lynn Says:

Quick Tips: To make a novel dinner or luncheon dish, broil slices of bologna from which casings have been removed. Then fill the cups with creamed potatoes and onions or any other creamed vegetable.

When making hamburgers for a crowd, wrap each individually in waxed paper. The rounds may be cut with a cookie cutter to make them an even size.

When making scalloped potatoes, prepare a complete main dish by placing slices of dried beef in between the sliced potatoes.

Combine mashed sweet potatoes and cooked, crumbled pork sausage meat in a casserole. A topping of freshly sliced pears or apples sprinkled with brown sugar makes this a big favorite. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Liver is delicious when marinated (soaked) in French dressing before broiling or frying.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

Creamed Deviled Eggs over Crisp Noodles
Buttered Peas and Celery
Apricot Cottage Cheese Salad
Whole Wheat Bread Spread
*Prune Cake
Beverage
*Recipe given.

1/2 cup sour milk or buttermilk
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon ginger
1 cup molasses
2 1/2 cups flour (about)

Cream lard, sugar and salt together. Add sour milk in which soda has been dissolved. Add ginger and molasses and enough flour to make dough that is not sticky. Shape into small balls and bake on oiled pans at 375 degrees. While still hot, press the flat sides together and roll in maple-flavored icing, made with confectioners' sugar. Roll in finely chopped nuts. It takes 10 to 12 minutes to bake cookie balls.

Oatmeal-Mincemeat Cookies.
(Makes 2 1/2 dozen cookies)
1 1/2 cups sifted flour
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg
1 cup oatmeal, uncooked
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1 cup mincemeat

Sift together flour, baking soda and salt. Cream the shortening, add the brown sugar, then egg and beat until light and fluffy. Last fold in oatmeal, nuts and mincemeat, blending well. Add flour mixture and stir until all flour disappears. Drop by spoonfuls onto greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderately hot (375-degree) oven for 12 to 15 minutes.

As main dishes for luncheons or suppers, I'm suggesting two fish dishes which will be substantial enough even if there are hearty appetites present. They can both be as pretty as a picture to please the ladies:

Shrimp Curry in Rice Ring.
(Serves 6)
3 tablespoons butter or fat
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups shrimp, fresh, cooked, cleaned
Milk
2 teaspoons curry powder
4 cups cooked rice
1/2 cup dark corn syrup

Melt butter or fat; blend in flour. Gradually add milk to flour mixture, enough to make about 2 cups sauce. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Place over hot water, add shrimp. Add curry which has been mixed with a little water. Combine rice with dark corn syrup and pack firmly in a quart mold. Set in a pan of water and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. To serve, unmold rice ring and fill center with shrimp mixture.

Salmon Loaf.
(Serves 4 to 6)
2 cups steamed salmon, flaked
1/2 cup bread crumbs
1/2 cup milk
1 egg
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter, melted

To flaked salmon, add other ingredients in order given. Grease loaf pan and line with cut sweet pickle slices. Pack salmon mixture into this. Set in a shallow pan containing water. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) about 1 hour or until loaf is firm. Unmold onto hot platter and garnish with parsley and stuffed olives or pickle fans.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Well-Fitting Slip for Matrons Tots Will Love This Party Dress



1281
36-52

Slenderizing Slip
THE built-up shoulder on this slip makes it especially nice for the slightly heavier figure. Waistline darts are slimming and make it fit satin-smooth. Tailored panties to match.

Pattern No. 1281 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38, ensemble, built-up shoulder, requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material.

ASK ME ANOTHER?
A General Quiz

The Questions

1. What is the limit set by the U. S. government for first class mail?
2. What language is spoken by more people than any other language?
3. Which is lighter, cork or balsa wood?
4. What is the present population of the United States, including those in the armed forces?
5. Which is correct, anchors away or anchors aweigh?
6. Is there a fixed North pole?
7. When army transport crews fly the "clothesline," where do they go?
8. What was the shape of handkerchiefs before the time of Louis XVI?
9. What does ibid. mean?
10. Who was the first white man to lose his head after seeing the Pacific?

The Answers

1. Seventy pounds is the limit for first class mail.
2. Chinese, including dialects. English is second.
3. Balsa wood (one-half as heavy as cork).
4. 138,100,874, an increase since 1940 of 6,431,599.
5. Anchors aweigh (just clear of the ground and hanging perpendicularly).
6. No. It is the northern extremity of the earth's axis which moves within a small area.
7. From Miami to Brazil or British Guinea where they can get overnight laundry service at prices far below U. S. prices.
8. Oblong.
9. Ibidem (in the same place).
10. Balboa, beheaded for treason.

Gems of Thought

A SOCIETY cannot be founded only on the pursuit of pleasure and power; a society can only be founded on the respect for liberty and justice.—Taine.

Nothing ever becomes real till it is experienced—even a proverb is no proverb to you till your life has illustrated it.—John Keats.

But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by anyone but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be, at the same time.—Emerson.

The shame is not in having once been foolish but in not cutting the folly short.—Horace.

Opportunities are made as often as they happen.

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM SPRAINS AND STRAINS

Muscular Aches and Pains • Stiff Joints • Bruises

What you NEED is

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Ernie Pyle W

Dry, Bro

Indiana i

Natives Cultivat

OKINAWA.—S

landed on and since rather than just so what it looks like.

Actually it doesn't look deal different from moica. Infactitlooks much more like America than anything the marines have seen for the last three years.

The climate is temperate rather than tropical, and so is the vegetation. There are tropical-like trees on and near the beaches—I think they're bushes. But there are trees of the fir family with tal limbs.

The country over which ment passed during the days was cultivated. It ally from the sea and formed into small fields. It didn't look at all unlate summer when started to turn dry and cept that the fields smaller.

The wheat, which looours, is dead ripe in the. The marines are cutting sickles. In other fields are sweet potatoes.

Each field has a ditch edge, and dividing the fthe ridges about two feet top of the ridges are the people walk. All country are little dirt now and then a fairly d road.

As you get inland, the comes rougher. In the is less cultivation and It is really a pretty c had read about what place Okinawa was, but of us have been surpris pretty it is.

Poverty and Filth Continue Together

Okinawa civilians were pitiful. The only ones I be real old or real young all are very, very poor.

They're not very clean homes are utterly filthy over you hear marines could be a nice country weren't so dirty.

Obviously their living low. Yet I've never under poverty and filth need to mous. A person doesn't well off to get clean, ently he has to be well to keep clean. We've f way clear around the people here dress the wese dressed in pictures kimonos and old men pants. Some wear a length garment that i skinny legs.

The kids are cute as over the world. I've rines reaching out and t hair as they marched. We're rounding up all t and putting them in ca are puzzled by it all.

Most of the farm lab have got out when our bombardment started. All houses have either been or burned to the ground came. Often, in passing farmhouse, you smell the odor of death inside.

But there are always won't leave no matter couldn't help feeling s Okinawans we picked up few days. We found twa little English. They ha in Hawaii. One was a who had a son (Hawaiia somewhere in the Amer

They were all shocke bombardment and yet I stupid fool, so that when they didn't make much I don't believe they h of what it was all abo marine officer said, "O tis. I'll bet they think end of the world."

They were obviously death. On Love-Day t found many of them hid in caves. They found tw en, 75 or more, in a c for a paralyzed girl, wounded, still paralyzed ural causes. One of th had a small, dirty sack money in it. When I found her she cried and

Okinawa

Never before had I se stion beach like Okinawa. There wasn't a dead man in our sector of I corpsmen were sitting a sacks of bandages and stretchers, with nothing There wasn't a single hicle. Nor a single wrecked on the reef of There was hardly any

Ernie Pyle With the Navy: Dry, Brown Okinawa Like Indiana in Late Summer

Natives Live Poorly, However;
Cultivate Small Farm Tracts

By Ernie Pyle

OKINAWA.—Since this island is the closest to Japan we've landed on and since we seem to feel this really is Japan, rather than just some far outpost, I'll try to describe to you what it looks like.

Actually it doesn't look a great deal different from most of America. Infact it looks much more like America than anything the marines have seen for the last three years.



Ernie Pyle

The climate is temperate rather than tropical, and so is the vegetation. There are tropical-like trees on and near the beaches—I think they're Pandanus bushes. But there are also many trees of the fir family with horizontal limbs.

The country over which my regiment passed during the first two days was cultivated. It rose gradually from the sea and was all formed into small fields.

It didn't look at all unlike Indiana in late summer when things have started to turn dry and brown, except that the fields were much smaller.

The wheat, which looks just like ours, is dead ripe in the fields now. The marines are cutting it with little sickles. In other fields are cane and sweet potatoes.

Each field has a ditch around its edge, and dividing the fields are little ridges about two feet wide. On top of the ridges are paths where the people walk. All through the country are little dirt lanes and now and then a fairly decent gravel road.

As you get inland, the country becomes rougher. In the hills there is less cultivation and more trees. It is really a pretty country. We had read about what a worthless place Okinawa was, but I think most of us have been surprised about how pretty it is.

Poverty and Filth Continue Together
Okinawa civilians we bring in are pitiful. The only ones left seem to be real old or real young. And they all are very, very poor.

They're not very clean. And their homes are utterly filthy. Over and over you hear marines say, "This could be a nice country if the people weren't so dirty."

Obviously their living standard is low. Yet I've never understood why poverty and filth need to be synonymous. A person doesn't have to be well off to get clean. But apparently he has to be well off to want to keep clean. We've found it that way clear around the world. The people here dress as we see Japanese dressed in pictures; women in kimono and old men in skin-tight pants. Some wear a loose, knee-length garment that shows their skinny legs.

The kids are cute as kids are all over the world. I've noticed marines reaching out and tussling their hair as they marched past them. We're rounding up all the civilians and putting them in camps. They are puzzled by it all.

Most of the farm families must have got out when our heavy bombardments started. Lots of farm houses have either been demolished or burned to the ground before we came. Often, in passing a wrecked farmhouse, you smell the sickening odor of death inside.

But there are always people who won't leave no matter what. We couldn't help feeling sorry for the Okinawans we picked up in the first few days. We found two who spoke a little English. They had once lived in Hawaii. One was an old man who had a son (Hawaiian-Japanese) somewhere in the American army!

They were all shocked from the bombardment and yet I think rather stupid too, so that when they talked they didn't make much sense. I don't believe they had any idea of what it was all about. As one marine officer said, "The poor devils. I'll bet they think this is the end of the world."

They were obviously scared to death. On Love-Day the marines found many of them hiding from us in caves. They found two old women, 75 or more, in a cave, caring for a paralyzed girl. She wasn't wounded, just paralyzed from natural causes. One of the old ladies had a small, dirty sack with some money in it. When the marines found her she cried and tried to give

them the money—hoping I suppose that she could buy herself off from being executed.

After all the propaganda they've been fed about our tortures, it's going to be a befuddled bunch of Okinawans when they discover we brought right along with us, as part of the intricate invasion plan, enough supplies to feed them, too!

During our first afternoon on Okinawa my group of marines went about a mile and a half inland. Our vehicles were not ashore yet, so we had to pack on our backs everything we had.

Personally, I was overlaid as usual. I had two canteens, a musette bag, a blanket rolled up in a poncho, three rubber life preservers, a shovel, and assorted knives, first aid kits, etc. Furthermore, I had on two pairs of pants, was carrying two jackets, and it was hotter than hell.

Anyhow, we finally got where we were going. We stopped on a hillside, threw down our gear, connected our phones to wires on the ground, and were ready for business. That is, the others were. Me, I lay down on the grass and rested for an hour.

Finds Nice Spot To Go to Sleep
After that we began getting ready for the night. We figured the Japs would bomb us all night, that their artillery would soon start up from the hills, and that when it got dark, some sly infiltrators would start infiltration.

So we dug foxholes. The slope was so steep I chose a nice depression at the foot of a small embankment that didn't require much digging.

Now we come to the life preservers. You may have wondered why I was carrying three lifebelts on dry land. Well, I knew what I was doing all right.

I just blew up my three life preservers, spread them in the foxhole and I had the nicest improvised Simmons you ever saw. We finally got onto that trick after a few invasions in Europe and I slept all last summer in France comfortably on three blown-up preservers.

Everybody who wasn't on guard at the edge of our little camp, or who wasn't standing duty at the telephone went to bed, for in Jap country you don't move around at night unless you have to.

Going to bed was merely a figure of speech for everybody except me. I seemed to be the only one who had brought a blanket and I definitely was the only one who had nice soft life preservers to sleep on.

The others slept on the ground in their foxholes with their ponchos wrapped around them. A poncho is wind and waterproof, but it has no warmth. In fact, it seems to draw all the warmth out of your body and transmit it into the air.

The day had been hot, but the night got mighty cold. And a very heavy dew came gradually, soaking everything. All the others practically froze and got very little sleep. But for once in my life, I was warm as a bug.

But I didn't sleep too much. There's always a flaw somewhere. My flaw was the mosquitoes. I've never been so tortured by mosquitoes as that first night on Okinawa.

They were persistent. They were tenacious. And they were the noisiest mosquitoes I've ever associated with. They were so noisy that when I pulled the blanket over the side of my face and covered my ears tight I could still hear them.

I dozed my face twice with the mosquito repellent which the marines had issued, but it did no good whatever. It was 11 o'clock before I finally got asleep. At 2 a. m. I awakened and knew something was wrong. What was wrong was my face.

My upper lip was swollen so that I thought I had a pigeon egg under it. My nose was so swollen the skin was stretched tight over it. And my left eye was nearly shut.

Those mosquitoes really put a scare into me. For they say Okinawa is malarial and I certainly got enough mosquito venom that night to malarialize half of California. So bright and early, I started taking atabrine for the first time in my life.

On the beach when we landed. The few assault waves ahead of us had pushed on inland. And all that vast welter of people and machines that make a beach hum with work were still many waves behind us.

The bulldozers and the jeeps had not yet arrived. There was no activity and hardly any sound. It was almost as though we were the original explorers.

Skulduggery

By J. D. RYAN
McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Features.

AS BILL SMITH hiked along the macadam road toward Summerfield, the draft board center, he had ample opportunity to calculate his chances of being drafted.

It was now six months after Pearl Harbor; he was twenty-two, strong and physically sound. He recalled how eager he had been to sign on when his boss sent for him. "Now, Bill," he began, "I don't want you to get any of these wild ideas in your head about enrolling. So far as war contribution is concerned, you'd be doing far more for your country by remaining here. You're a pretty valuable man."

Bill cleared his throat noisily. "That's all right for you to say, Mr. Jones, but I'm wondering what people will think about an able-bodied man working in a factory when he should be shouldering a rifle."

The executive pursed his lips. "Yes, there's something to that, Bill." He gazed reflectively out the office window. "Tell you what, Bill, you forget this volunteer business. In time, if you're needed, you'll be called. That way I'll have a chance to break in a new man. How's that strike you?"

Bill considered this proposition carefully. "O.K., boss," he decided. "I'll help you here until my number comes up."

"That's swell," Mr. Jones shook hands with him to end the interview. Bill carried out his part of the bargain. Night after night he stayed overtime to expedite production. He was earning big money but dissatisfaction gnawed within him. "Won't be long now before I'll receive my selective service papers. They'll be singing 'You're in the Army Now.'"

When the questionnaire came, Bill filled it out scrupulously, fearing to make an error which might delay his classification.

His job seemed drudgery now. Each day at mail delivery time he telephoned his landlady to inquire about letters. Then, when he had resigned himself to disappointment, a penny postal arrived with the curt statement—Your classification is 2A. Necessary to defense.

A wave of bitterness swept over him—2A. Who were they to decide on his case without a physical examination? He had expressly noted that he preferred the rating 1A. And this was their answer. How did they come to settle on that?

Then with stunning clarity he knew. Mr. Jones. He must have written, asking for deferment. If the boss said Bill was necessary to his business, that would end it. No wonder they had placed him in 2A.

"What am I going to do about it?" Bill asked himself. There must be some way to beat the old man at his own game.

At the plant he noticed how the chief avoided him. Just as well for his peace of mind, Bill thought, his blue eyes flashing dangerously.

A few weeks later Bill was called for a physical examination for reclassification. The boss was wearing a "test that swallowed the canary" expression. "You're in this time, old boy," he prophesied. "I told you not to worry, but I suppose you couldn't help it. Young fellows are always impatient."

Bill had traveled about a half-mile when a car overtook him. "Lift, Buddy?" the driver invited. Bill looked at the out of state plates, and shook his head. "Thanks all the same. Just a short distance to go."

The driver meshed his gears and was soon out of sight. Then another car stopped. Bill smilingly refused the offer of a second lift.

When the third car stopped Bill accepted. "Going far? The driver inquired.

"To Summerfield."

"Just where I'm going."

"That's swell," said Bill. "I have to take a physical at the draft board."

"Think you'll make it?"

Bill tongued his cheek. "Heck, so far as that's concerned I'm all right. They won't take me and that's all right, too."

The driver flicked his gaze from the road to stare at Bill. "How do you figure that?"

Bill smiled sardonically. "A guy's a sucker to get in the army for fifty bucks a month when he can make that in less than a week in a machine shop. They praise you, too, and tell you how patriotic you are."

He nudged the man to press his point. "Why, my boss just writes the board, tells them I'm indispensable and—presto, I'm deferred. It's a racket, I tell you." The driver edged away from him. At the outskirts of town Bill said, "I'll get out here," and thanked him. "Be seeing you," he waved.

"You're right, you will," the other promised grimly. Bill grinned. "I'll have to seem awfully surprised when I see that guy on the board. Let Jones try to get me in 2A now." He headed toward the local office humming, "You're in the Army Now."

Ice Tea
For iced tea, make tea twice as strong as for hot tea. Use freshly boiled water. Pour this freshly made hot tea in a glass that contains one tablespoon honey and ice cubes.



SCHOOL DAZE

General Hap Arnold's small granddaughter has spent her childhood in a sequestered army post outside Washington, in a wooded section of Virginia. Attending school for the first time, her parents were surprised when she came home crying. Her mother met her at the door and asked what was the matter.

The little six-year-old replied, "The teacher showed me a seat and told me to wait there for the present."

"Well," said mama, "didn't you like it?"

"Yes," replied the child, with a fresh outburst of tears, "but I didn't get the present."

SOUR PUSS



Bootblack—Shine your shoes, mister?

Passerby—No.

Bootblack—Shine 'em so you can see your face in 'em.

Passerby—No!

Bootblack—Don't blame you.

Decidedly Wrong

Hubby—Is this Harbor 8212? Listen, dear, will it be all right if I bring a couple of friends home with me for dinner?

Wife—Why, of course. I'm glad to have them.

Hubby—Oh, pardon me, lady, I must have the wrong number.

Solomon's Choice

Harry—If a chicken lays an egg on a fence between your property and mine, whose egg would it be?

Jerry—I don't know. Whose?

Harry—The chicken's!

Wedded Bliss

Jane—My husband and I were married and lived happily for two years.

Joan—Then what happened?

Jane—He came home!

99 or Bust!

Dub—When I go around this course in less than a hundred I'll give you five bucks.

Caddie—Thanks. I'll come in handy in my old age.

Gun Shy

Sergeant (looking into rifle) — Dirty bore!

Private (standing inspection) — Worse than that. It's a terrible nuisance.

Simple Recipe

Blondie—It's tough baking a butterscotch pie now that butter is so hard to get.

Dummie—Yeah and it's even harder to get the scotch!

Let's Have It

Jim—Why do you call your girl "Shovel"?

Tim—Because she's always passing all the dirt.

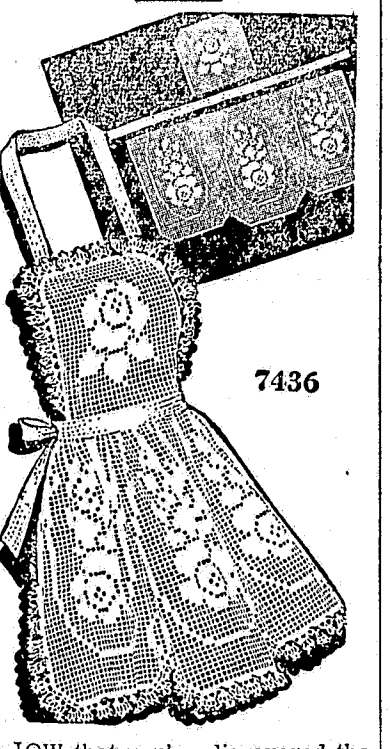
Night Work

Harry—And Bill woke up and found himself a success.

Jerry—My guess is he wasn't ever asleep.

A-A-A-H-OUCH!

This Charming Apron Done in Filet Crochet



7436

NOW that you've discovered the charm of crocheted party aprons, you'll want this one done in filet crochet; easy-to-follow chart.

Handiwork you'll enjoy—a filet crochet apron—inexpensive when you make it yourself. Pattern 7436 has directions; chart.

Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

Send your order to:
Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
82 Eighth Ave. New York
Enclose 16 cents for Pattern

No. _____
Name _____
Address _____

Household Hints

An easy way to give ferns their weekly watering is to place them in the bathtub, draw shower curtain and turn on the shower, adjusting spray until it is about room temperature.

To remove rust from nickel, grease well with any kind of lubricant, let stand for a few minutes, then rub with cloth soaked in ammonia. Rinse with water and polish.

When painting woodwork, coat the door knobs, locks, etc., with vaseline, so that the paint can be easily wiped off if it splashes on these surfaces.

After oiling the sewing machine, stitch through a blotter several times. This takes up all surplus oil on the machine, and keeps from getting it on the material.

You can clean glazed chintz by spreading it on a flat surface and sponging quickly with lukewarm water. Press on the wrong side with a warm iron or on the right side using a slightly dampened pressing cloth.

Carrots with no tops stay crisp longer than those that have the leaves left on.

Turn the mattress every week, first from end to end, next from side to side to get maximum wear and comfort from it.

HINTS FOR HOME BAKERS

How Men Love These Raised Doughnuts! Make them with Fleischmann's yellow label Yeast—the only fresh yeast with more EXTRA Vitamins.

DOUGHNUTS
1 cake Fleischmann's Yeast
1 tablespoon sugar
1 1/4 cups milk, scalded and cooled
4 1/2 cups sifted flour
1 egg, well beaten
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon nutmeg

Dissolve Fleischmann's Yeast and 1 tablespoon sugar in lukewarm milk. Add 1 1/4 cups milk and beat well. Cover and let rise in warm place, free from draft, about 1 hour, until bubbles burst on top. Cream butter or margarine and sugar. Add salt, egg and nutmeg. Add yeast mixture. Add remaining flour to make moderately soft dough.

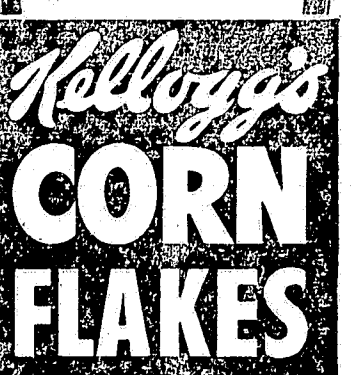
Knead lightly, then place in well-greased bowl. Cover and let rise 1 1/2 hours. When light, turn out on floured board, cover with cloth. Cut with doughnut cutter (3-inch). Place on floured board, cover with cloth and let rise about 1 hour. Fry in deep fat, hot enough to brown only once. Drain, cool and roll in powdered sugar. Makes 3 dozen.

1-inch cube of bread in 60 seconds, or 375° F. Fry on both sides, turning only once. Drain, cool and roll in powdered sugar. Makes 3 dozen.

FREE! Now Revised Wartime Edition of Fleischmann's Famous Recipe Book! Clip and paste on a penny postcard for your free copy of Fleischmann's newly revised "The Bread Basket." Dozens of easy recipes for breads, rolls, desserts, Ad-dress Standard Brands Incorporated, Grand Central Annex, Box 477, New York 17, N. Y.

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CALOX TOOTH POWDER

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Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.

Each word more than 25, one cent per word the first week and one-half cent per word each succeeding week.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Modern Nine Room House with Steam Heat and four Overnight Cabins. Located at Shelburne. For particulars write HOMER C. HANLIN, Gorham, New Hampshire. 30p

FOR SALE—Small Iron Wheel Farm Wagon. Inquire at CARVER'S STORE.

FOR SALE—Cottage and Garage, considerable land and water front, Songo Pond. Write Box A, Bethel, Maine. 15c

WANTED

WANTED — Dishwasher from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M. BETHEL RESTAURANT. 15c

WANTED—A Book, "The White Hills," by Abel Crawford. Communicate BOX X, CARE OF OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN, stating condition of book. 18p

POULTRY WANTED — Stanley ROBERTS, Ridgelyville, Maine. Tel. Rumbold 753. 25p

MISCELLANEOUS

Leave Shoes at Chamberlin's Store for repair and clothes to clean Wednesday and Saturday. EXCEL CLEANERS AND DYERS, INC., Auburn, Maine. 44c

LEAVE SHOES AT EARL DAVIS' for repair. RICHER'S SHOE SHOP, Gorham, N. H. 40c

BORN — At Lewiston, April 22, to S/Sgt. and Mrs. Dwight Morrill of North Waterford, a daughter, Darlene Frances. 15c

MARRIED — At Portland, Feb. 4, by Rev. Bertha F. Pettengill, William A. Danforth of Portland and Mrs. Maude Jenkins of Bethel. 15c

At Bethel, April 23, by Rev. John J. Foster, Roger II. Twitchell of Bryant Pond and Miss Norma Louise Thirrell of Locke Mills. 15c

DIED — At North Newry, April 22, Mrs. Cora S. Brown, aged 71 years. At West Paris, April 19, R. Thomas Flavin, aged 50 years. At Bethel, April 24, Henry Egan, formerly of Bethel, aged 86 years. At West Farmington, April 25, Mrs. Annie Riggs Craig, aged 79 years. 15c

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HANOVER

Correspondent—
Mrs. W. W. Worcester

Roy Stearns has sold his farm to J. Arsenault. He has bought the Cheslie Saunders place and is moving this week.

Vern Lapham suffered a heart attack and was taken to the Rumbold Community hospital last week.

Ira Brown and family and Frank Worcester and family spent Sunday at the Brown Camp at Howards Lake.

C. P. Saunders was in town moving his goods from his place this week.

Mrs. Lee Richardson and two daughters returned to their home in Bangor after spending a week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parker Russell.

C. O. Poor arrived in town last week.

Miss Rose Howe came out from the lakes last week to have some teeth extracted, returning to Middle Dam, Monday.

The funeral of Walter Abbott, Rumbold Point, who died at the Cole Nursing home at Dixfield was held at the Barker Funeral Parlors last Thursday afternoon.

A fire which caught from a spark from the chimney on the Will Thomas house, set the roof blazing. It was first seen by Ella Russell, who notified Ira and Bobby Brown. By their prompt work, assisted by Tony Croteau it was under control by the time the Rumbold fire truck was called. As it could have been much more serious.

Pauline Lovejoy returned from Lisbon Falls Tuesday.

NORTH WOODSTOCK

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Cole were in Lewiston Saturday.

Willard Farwell and family have moved to East Bethel to the home of his father, O. B. Farwell. He will work at home on the farm.

Moulton Jones and family of Lebanon, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Hemingway of Norway and other relatives visited Sunday at Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Whitman's.

Mrs. Edgar Davis, Emma, Robert and Phillip were guests Saturday at Emil Holmkinsen's at West Paris.

Emma Davis was at Harry Howe's several nights last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Taylor spent Sunday with Mrs. Mervin Hardy.

Mrs. Clinton Buck has been soliciting money for the Honor Roll.

Emma Davis spent Sunday afternoon with June Bryant.

Mr. and Mrs. George Abbott were at Bethel one day last week. They called to see Mrs. Yvonne Foster, also Mr. and Mrs. Durward Lang at Locke Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Burtram Cox were Monday evening guests at C. James Knibbs.

Dana Dudley stayed with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Cole over the week end. His mother was visiting her sister, Miss Evelyn Knights at Lynn Mass.

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed Exrx. of the estate of Clarence W. Hall, late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and without bond. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

HARRIET H. HALL
Bethel, Maine. 10

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named: At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-five from day to day from the third Tuesday of said April, the following matters having been presented for the action thereupon, hereinafter indicated, it is hereby Ordered:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of May, A. D. 1945, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Cornelia A. Wheeler, late of Bethel, deceased; Petition for the appointment of Roger W. Wheeler as administrator of the estate of said deceased, with bond, presented by Roger W. Wheeler, heir-at-law.

George K. Hastings, late of Bethel, deceased; First account presented for allowance by Robert D. Hastings, administrator.

William S. Hastings, late of Bethel, deceased; First account presented for allowance by Ruth C. Hastings, administratrix.

Witness, Albert J. Stearns, Judge of said Court at Paris, this third Tuesday of April in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-five.

WALTER R. CLIFFORD, Register. 10

CHURCH ACTIVITIES**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH**

John J. Foster, Minister

9:45 Church School. Mrs. Loton Hutchinson, Superintendent.

11:00 Kindergarten, Mrs. Ordell Anderson and Miss Marlene Anderson in charge.

11:00 Morning Worship Service Topic "It Pays to Gamble."

The Pilgrim Fellowship will meet in the Chapel at 9:30 o'clock Sunday evening. The study of the Bible will continue as the program.

The Year-Round Club will meet in the Chapel on Wednesday night at seven o'clock. This is an important meeting as new officers for next year will be elected at this meeting.

On Thursday evening, May 3rd, at eight o'clock, the Ladies Club will entertain the Methodist ladies and the Guild in Garland Chapel.

Mr. Foster will give a brief book review following which an entertainment of stunts, skits and games will be presented.

The Annual State Conference of the Congregational Christian Church will be held in the Woodfords Church, Portland, Maine on Tuesday, May 1st.

METHODIST CHURCH

William Penner, Pastor

9:45 Church School. Miss Minnie Wilson, Superintendent.

11:00 Morning worship service. Sermon theme: Christianity's Opportunity. The church will be host to the Odd Fellows.

6:45 Youth Fellowship meeting at the church. Miss Minnie Wilson and Laura will have charge of the devotional service. The pastor will be present. Church membership training to which all members and others interested are most urgently invited.

On Tuesday, May 1st, the Men's Brotherhood will have its monthly meeting. Supper will be served at 6:30 o'clock.

Sunday morning the church will have as guests the members of the Odd Fellows and Rebekah lodges, who will attend the service in a body.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

Services Sunday morning at 10:45.

"Probation After Death" is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon that will be read in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, April 29.

The Golden Text is: "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever" (Psalm 138:8).

The citations from the Bible include the following passages: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. Yet though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me" (Psalm 23:1, 4).

The Lesson-Sermon also includes the following selections from the Christian Science textbook, Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures by Mary Baker Eddy: "As man falleth asleep, he shall be awake. As death findeth mortal man, so shall he be after death, until probation and growth shall effect the needed change" (page 291:20-25).

Testimonial meetings second Wednesday of every month.

LEGION AUXILIARY

The American Legion Auxiliary met at the home of Mrs. Irvin French Tuesday evening for a regular meeting.

A discussion was held on ways of earning money. Two committees were appointed to earn money for the month of May. Mrs. Irvin French, Mrs. Wallace Clark, Mrs. Dan Forbes and Mrs. H. I. Bean, the first of the month and Mrs. Horstense Chapman, Mrs. E. A. Van and Mrs. Leroy Bennett, the second half of the month.

Mrs. Roy Moore was appointed to act as Poppy chairman.

It was announced that Mrs. Beatrice Turcotte, Dept. President and Mrs. Bernice Wells, 2nd Dist. Vice President would be present at the next meeting, May 8. A supper will be served at the Legion rooms with the members of the Legion as guests.

Following the meeting a short Child Welfare program was presented and refreshments were served by the hostess.

SECURITY INSURANCE CO.

No. Haverly, Conn.

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1944

Real Estate \$1,030,299.86

Mortgage Loans 58,051.17

Stocks & Bonds 14,364,477.79

Cash in Office & Bank 1,108,469.29

Assets' Balances 1,055,494.97

Bills Receivable 227,638.07

Interest & Rents 51,747.55

Other Assets 133,410.19

Gross Assets \$18,000,582.43

Less items not admitted 270,190.77

Admitted \$17,730,391.66

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1944

Unpaid Losses \$1,151,038.10

Voluntary Reserve 1,574,404.53

Unearned Premiums 6,432,379.55

All other Liabilities 340,914.83

Cash Capital 2,500,000.00

Surplus over Liabilities and Surplus 17N plus \$17,730,391.66

EAST BETHEL

Carl H. Swan Jr. has moved his household goods to the house owned by Walter Billings in Bryant Pond. He has been staying with Mrs. Eva Swan in Locke Mills the past week. Clayton Swan has been with his aunt, Mrs. E. A. Billings and Betty Swan has been with Mrs. Carroll Curtis while Mrs. Swan has been in the hospital and at Mrs. Eva Swan's since her return from Rumbold.

Almon Coolidge moved his family and household goods into the Charles Reed house vacated by Mr. Swan which Mr. Coolidge purchased from S. B. Newton recently.

Mrs. Richard Blanchard and children of Cumberland were guests of Mrs. Robert Hastings several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. Willis Bartlett and two sons Kenneth and Clayton of Kennebunkport were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Urban Bartlett.

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Farwell, Mrs. Rodney Howe, Stanley Howe and Miss Virginia Hastings were in Farmington Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Houle have moved back to the Kimball farm on West Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Farwell and family moved Sunday into part of the Farwell house. Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Farwell have moved into the other part of the house.

Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hastings were Mr. and Mrs. Horace Cobb and family of East Sumner, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Conant and family and Mr. and Mrs. Milton Keene of Canton Point, also Mrs. Helen Newman and daughter and Mrs. Newman's mother, Mrs. George Hunter of Westbrook.

Mrs. George Hunter returned to Westbrook Monday morning after visiting her daughter, Mrs. Helen Newman for several days.

Mrs. John Howe accompanied her father B. W. Kimball to Boston Sunday where he will have X-rays taken. They will be guests of Mr.

GREENWOOD CENTER

Mrs. Glenn Martin has returned from Portland where she visited her sister Mrs. Hope Caskey for a week.

Mrs. Beryl Martin was at Greenwood Mountain recently to see her brother who is a patient at the Western Maine Sanatorium.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Seames and family of Howe Hill and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Robinson and family of Norway were Sunday callers at D. R. Cole's.

Guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Martin on Patriot's Day were Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Waterhouse, West Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Mills and family, Locke Mills, T. Sgt. Gordon Roberts also called there recently.

Several from the vicinity attended the Twitchell-Tirrell Church wedding at Locke Mills the 23rd.

Mrs. Glenn Martin heard from her husband recently and he's still in the Philippines.

Charlotte Cole visited in Bryant Pond recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Dunham and family of Bryant Pond called Sunday at Lester Cole's.

Lester Cole is improving the Howe Hill road at present.

Ethel Martin called on friends on Rowe Hill Sunday.

Evelyn Seames visited on Howe Hill recently.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Pales and family of Dorchester.

School resumed Monday after over a week's vacation because of scarlet fever in the neighborhood.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Newton and Carline Dorey were in Andover Thursday night.

S. B. Newton lost a good cow Friday.

Joe Merrill was at his sister's, Mrs. Florence Curtis' the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Oiva Whitman of South Paris were at her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Curtis over the week end.

LADIES' SLACKS

\$1.49 to \$4.45

LADIES' OVERALLS

\$2.49

Ladies' Work Clothes

Two-Piece, \$3.95

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Your Check Book

Will tell you whether or no that disputed bill has been paid. Have your checks as a record.

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OF

EVERYTHING

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FARWELL & WIGHT

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The Oil Burner that means economy, with service behind it. Let us quote installed prices.

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USED CARS WANTED

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INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

Dept. 4254, 1920 Sunnyvale Ave., Chicago 40, Illinois

This is "CLEAN-OUT-YOUR-CLOTHES-CLOSET WEEK"

RIGHT NOW, 125 million innocent men, women, and children in war-torn European countries alone, are in pitifully desperate need of clothing. If every American family will make this week "CLEAN-OUT-YOUR-CLOTHES-CLOSET WEEK," enough spare clothing, shoes, and bedclothes will be obtained to go far toward relieving the suffering of these people. Will you help? Then call your local UNCC Committee for full information.

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APRIL 1 to 30

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Non-Rationed Boots

Dick Young's RAILROAD STREET **Station**

TEL. 134 BETHEL

Effective July 1, 1944	
SLABS	\$3.00 per cord
Sawing	\$1.50 per cord
Delivering in Village, full load	\$2.00 per cord
Sawed Slabs 2 cords to a load 4 ft. Slabs 3 cords to a load	
BUTTINGS	\$9.00 per large load, delivered
These prices are below the ceilings which were set for this area in November 1943. Term: Cash on delivery.	
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